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TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile and sighed to answer--"No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,—
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happier spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"*Yes, in Heaven!*"

For the Lily.

MRS. BLOOMER:—The perusal of "The Scarlet Letter," a new work by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, has naturally recalled to mind the earlier productions of the same author. Some time ago several of his most beautiful sketches were collected and published, with the title of "Twice Told Tales," which have taken a high place among the literary works of our day, and would, done, mark their author as one possessed of rare mental endowments. Although a writer of prose, Hawthorne always sees Nature with the eye of a poet, and yet, his descriptions are so accurate and finished, he may fairly be ranked among her true interpreters. His pictures have all the truthfulness of the Daguerreotype, and, at the same time, that warm and golden light upon them which the hand of genius alone can impart.—Judging of the merits of the productions, from the impressions they have left upon me to this day, I may safely say one of the best is that entitled "A Rill from the Town Pump"; and I ask for it a place in your monthly, because, while it shows the peculiar power Hawthorne possesses of throwing a charm around even the commonest subject, it carries with it a lesson in morals which few can forget, and is, in fact, one of the best temperance lectures extant. "A Vision of the Fountain," another of his productions, which describes water gushing forth, pure and bright, from its home in the woods, untrammelled by the hand of art, yet adorned with the highest order of natural beauty, would not be inappropriate to your columns; but your readers shall first admire the speech supposed to have been delivered by a resident of the old town of Salem, Mass., the birthplace of at least one great orator. T.

"A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP."

"(SCENE,—*the corner of two principal streets. The* TOWN PUMP *talking through its nose.*)

"NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity upon the Town-Pump? The title of 'town-treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post, Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike: and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

"At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the Mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam,—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity that all this outcry should bring no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man!—The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious?—Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by: and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great

oe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation f the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump.—This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough.—See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

"Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains.—Endicott, and his followers, came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity,—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards,—at least, the pretty maidens did,—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town-Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place,—and then another, and still another,—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

"Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment.—Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

"But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town-Pump, and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician, whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me,—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class,—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream, that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town-Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation!—Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame.—When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passions cannot but grow cool, and war,—the drunkenness of nations,—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy,—a calm bliss of temperate affections,—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the futnre an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard.—Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

"Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks, into one great pile, and make a bon-fire in honor of the Town-Pump.—And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important comes next.

"There are two or three honest friends of mine,—and true friends, I know they are,—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treausure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral [illegible] which you are to wage,—and, indeed, [illegible] whole conduct of your lives,—you cannot [illegible] a better example than myself, who have [illegible] permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, [illegible] turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

"One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace.—Here comes a pretty, young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill.—May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—'SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!'"

THE CHILDREN AND THE NOVEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Well there," muttered Mrs. Lee, in a somewhat petulant tone, as she laid down her babe, "thank fortune, the last one is abed and asleep. Now for a little comfort."

Carefully drawing the blankets around the tiny form, she rested one hand for a few moments upon the gently heaving breast, stirred the cradle with the other, singing the while a low lullaby.

Assured from its soft breathing and quiet limbs that it was indeed asleep, she turned from it quickly, drew her low rocker to the stand, picked up the light, and took from underneath a miscellaneous pile in her work basket, an uncut novel.

"What a beautiful title," said she, all traces of weariness vanishing with electric rapidity from her countenance. As her eyes glanced over its pages, the dull look they had worn all day disappeared, and the light of anticipated joy flashed in its stead.

"I know that I shall be pleased with it; I feel that it will be interesting," continued she.—"What charming names the author has chosen. None of your common Johns and Hannahs, your Roberts and Margarets,—oh, no! here is noble Rodrigo, poetic Clarence, sweet Florilla, saintly Therese—why, there is not an ordinary name in the book. The writer must be one of unusual taste!"

Having hastily cut the leaves, she shaded her brow with one hand, grasped the charming book with the other, as though it were polished gold and she a miser, and commenced, in the phrase of enthusiastic novel readers, to devour the pages.

Rapidly did her eyes run over the first chapter. But then—she turned her head with a quick, impatient movement. Did she not hear a rustle in the cradle? Yes, a little hand was lifted from beneath the cover.

"Too bad, too bad; he'll be awake all the evening now;" and she glided with a noiseless step to the child's side.

But the eyelids were still closed, the measured breath of slumber stole gently from the half-parted lips, and the offending hand rested in quiet beauty upon the soft cheek.

It was a fair, sweet babe, whose little heart had throbbed but one short summer. As it lay there, the spell of sinless sleep upon his brow, it seemed the type of all things pure and blest. Eden, with all its loveliness, never charmed the gaze of Eve with such a beauteous picture. The holier feelings of the mother's breast were touched as if by a hand from heaven. The angel began to trouble the deep waters of her soul as she stood beside that cradle bed; and when, after a vigil of several moments, the child still sleeping, she bent her head and imprinted upon its lips the kiss of love, the healing

...ed for an instant—then ebbed, for the ...was not yet read.

...ming her seat, Mrs. Lee again took her ... But the fiction seemed to have lost some ...r fascination. For some time her glass vac... between its finely printed pages and her ...ped up basket. She even put on her thimble ...and threaded a needle. But a moonlight scene, ...where in a honeysuckle bower, the noble lover ...ures a trembling girl to his bosom, and pours ...into her ears the bewitching words of wild court... ship, acted like magic on the reader's mind, and ...she became absorbed in the glowing picture.

The second and third chapters were soon perused, and she was entering with increased interest upon the fourth, when a sweet voice from the trundle bed called out, "mother, mother, mother."

Her ear caught the sound, but it made no impression upon her mind till it had been several times repeated: then turning quickly, in no very gentle voice she exclaimed, "what under the sun do you want Lizzie? I thought you were asleep an hour ago."

"I have been asleep, mother," answered the little daughter in a timid tone. "I waked up because—"

"Because you were a naughty girl and wanted to plague me. Strange that I can't have a minute's comfort;" and going hastily to the bed, she drew the clothes around the child, and bade her shut her eyes and go to sleep.

"I want a drink, mother; I can't sleep, I am so thirsty."

The mother looked around; there was neither pitcher nor glass in the room.

"It's always just so. I never forgot to bring up water, but you are sure to want some. Why didn't you drink last night, when I had a whole pitcher full for you?"

"I wasn't thirsty last night. Do please give me a drink and I'll go right to sleep."

"I am not going to run down stairs again to-night: so just turn over and shut your eyes;"—and she sat down again to her novel, leaving the thirsty child to its thoughts or dreams as the case might be.

Lizzie, as she said, wanted a drink very much and so she turned and tossed and tried to think of every thing but water, while that was all she could think of.

"If I only had one little swallow," murmured she to herself, I guess I could get along till morning." But she might as well have wanted a pailful: there was no hope or prospect of getting any. By and by, she spied upon the stove hearth, a tin cup. "The baby's milk!" said she. "Perhaps that would be as good as water. I wonder if mother would let me have it." She looked toward the parent. She was absorbed in her book: her very being seemed bound up in it. The child knew too much to disturb her.

But perhaps she could get it without disturbing her mother, and she did want a drink so much. She hesitated awhile, then crept silently out of bed, stole to the cup, seized it eagerly and took a swallow. But it tasted better than she thought it would, and her thirst was such that she drained it. Alarmed at what she had done, she was in such haste to put it back that it slipped from her trembling hand, bounding against the stove, falling on the hearth, and rolling thence on the carpet.

"Why, Lizzie Lee!" screamed the mother, dropping her book and running to the child. "I should like to know what you've been about!—spilt all the baby's milk I'll warrant;" as she took up the empty cup. Then seeing the carpet was quite dry, she seized Lizzie by the shoulder exclaiming in an angry voice, "what have you done with the milk, you little plague? Tell me this minute what's become of it!"

"I was so thirsty, mother," answered the child in a pleading voice, tears starting to her eyes, "I could not go to sleep, and so"—

"So you drank, did you? you naughty girl," continued Mrs. Lee with increased vehemence of tone; "drank it, and I havn't another drop of milk in the house. I'll teach you to do such things," and her hand came down heavily upon the shrinking shoulder, one! two! three times! A wild scream of pain burst from the child's lips. Another, and another; and angry and excited as the mother was, they pierced her heart as with deep arrows.

The noise startled another child who slept in the same bed with Lizzie. Frightened from its sound slumbers, it shrieked an alarm, when the babe, waking at the same moment, joined its voice with the others, not in harmony, but in one of those discords, which echo so often in the nursery, stunning the ear and bewildering the brain.

With quick steps, quick hands, and a softened tone, Mrs. Lee strove to calm the tempest she had raised. Lizzie's cries soon merged into pitieous sobs, but Willie and the babe continued their loud screams, till the mother, in her perplexity, would fain have wrung her hands and sat down and wept with them. She ran from one to the other, soothing, singing, caressing. But they would not hush in the least, till as a last resource, she took the babe in one arm, Willie in the other, and thus burdened paced the chamber. Her limbs ached with the effort, her voice grew plaintive, her heart sad and sore with the upbraidings of a conscience she had strove too long to stifle. She breathed sweet music in the ears of the little sobbing creatures who struggled in her arms, but not a word of anger escaped from her pale lips. She felt she was the guilty cause of all her trouble. A little forethought, a little self-denial, a little discipline of temper, and all had been well.

It was a long time ere she ventured to sit down and rock the children, and they did not soon close their eyes in sleep. They would start and scream, then draw back such long, sad sighs, that the tears which trembled in the mother's eyes, would flood her cheeks.

When, at last, they rested in a sweet, calm slumber, she was at a loss how to put them down, to release her weary arms, without the risk of new confusion. There was no one whom she could call upon for aid. No one? Yes, there was the little trembling creature whose tender skin still smarted with the chastisement of an angry mother.

"Lizzie," called the mother, after a long while, in a very low, gentle tone.

The child was quickly beside her.

"Bring your little chair, and sit down close to me and see if you can draw the baby on your lap, without waking him."

Lizzie did as directed, and the babe was soon clasped to her heart, her lips breathing childish words of affection over its unconscious form.

Very carefully did Mrs. Lee lay down her little Willie, and for some moments she sat beside him, smoothing, gently, his fair brow, twining his golden locks around her fingers, and pressing the softest and sweetest of kisses upon his still lips.

Then, going to Lizzie, she took from her arms the sleeping babe, and placing it in the cradle, bent over it, whispering the fondest terms of endearment.

Sitting down beside it, she covered her face, and thought grew busy. By and by, Lizzie stole quietly to the chair, knelt beside it, and buried her head in her mother's lap. Mrs. Lee's hands toyed with the soft brown curls that fell over it in such rich profusion, and several times pushed them off the forehead, when the child felt the mute pressure of her lips. For some time both were silent. At length Lizzie looked timidly up, saying, in a touching voice, "I am *so* sorry, Mother, I made you so much trouble. I'll try and never be thirsty again, when you are reading." The mother's heart started; she drew the child to her bosom, embraced it fondly, closely, as though she thought by pressure to still its painful throbbings. Then bearing her to the bed, she sat her down, and hastily left the room.

She soon returned, a glass of water in her hand. "Thank you, Mother," said Lizzie, when she had quenched her thirst. "*you will have a good time to read now*, for I shall go right to sleep."

With her eyes brimful of tears, the mother bent over her child and kissed her again and again. And Lizzie, feeling that she was quite forgiven, and not dreaming that she had been more sinned against than sinning, threw her arms around her parent's neck, and gave back kiss for kiss. Then, nestling on the warm pillow of her little brother, she closed her weary eyes and in a few moments was sound asleep.

For a long while the mother knelt beside the low couch, and when she rose and sat down again by the stand, she left the novel where she had dropped it, but took from her basket an unfinished doll, and with rapid fingers plied her needle.

It was late ere she placed her head upon her pillow. When she did, the doll, completed and neatly dressed, lay by the side of Lizzie;—the novel, half-read, upon the Lehigh in the stove, a handful of light ashes!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for July, is received, but too late for an extended notice. The first thing seen on opening the book, is the portrait of JENNY LIND. We never saw anything more fascinating than her sweet, soul-beaming countenance. Her figure, too, is so perfect, so well developed, we wish it might become *the* fashion plate for the women of this country. There is, also, a portrait of Geo. R. Graham, a plate of Paris fashions, and other embellishments. Graham means not to be outdone, and if this number is a specimen of what we may expect from him, he cannot be.

We have also been favored with a copy of the premium plate, "The First Prayer." This splendid mezzotint, together with "Christ blessing little Children," will be sent to all subscribers of the magazine, commencing with July, 1850. Terms, $3 a year, 2 copies $5.

Our Legislature have postponed the execution of Foote, sentenced to be hung at New Haven this week, for the murder of his niece and grand mother, to the 2d of October next.

In the mean time, the vile rumseller who fitted him, as he says, for this work of death and upon whose liquor he was drunk when he did it, had better be hunted up and swung upon the same gallows with his accomplice. If one deserves hanging so does the other.—*New Eng. Fountain.*

And if but *one* must hang, let it be the rumseller. He is the more guilty of the two, and a more dangerous man in community.

SIN perpetuates itself forever. Like the ocean ripple, its influence is beyond all calculation.—Yet there is this difference between them. The ripple grows fainter and sinks lower as its circle widens and recedes from the centre. Not so with sin. What was a ripple at first, soon swells into a wave, ever rising higher, till we behold the huge, dark mountain billow upon the eternal shore.—[Bonar's "Story of Grace."

THE TWO PEDLERS.—A pedler overtook another of his tribe on the road, and thus accosted him: "Hallo, friend, what do you carry!"—"Rum and whiskey," was the prompt reply. "Good," said the other, "you may go ahead, I carry grave-stones.

Elihu Burritt says the best *cough-drops* for young ladies are, to drop the practice of dressing thin when they go out in the night air.

A suspicion is afloat that persons who cannot eat mince-pies without brandy, can drink brandy without mince-pies.

From the Politician and Kindred.

Woman; her Wrongs, Rights, Capacities and Duties.—No. III.

BY REV. H. L. D. WEBSTER.

It is humiliating to consider the extreme lethargy that has fastened upon the female mind.—Woman seems to be least interested in the subject that the most interests her. But as humiliating as it is, it is too true. Thousands of females, and those of intelligence too, readily believe they possess all the Rights the God of nature designed them to have; and are as contented in their narrow sphere of dependence, as the bird that has always lived in a cage. If this is not humiliating it would puzzle one to know what is. All the Rights God has designed for woman? Has she no higher sphere than that of dependence? Is she but a servant or toy? Is she the weaker sex? What is that beautiful, all-grasping mind, given to her for? For man to clip and shape to suit his fancy, or has the Father designed her for a universe of action—the depths of metaphysics, the sublimity of art, the grandeur of literature, the beauty of affection and love?—Let the impress of God on her mind, be the answer. When He writes an essay to man He never makes blunders. And, in prescribing the limits of woman's sphere, He has written it in unmistakable characters upon her soul—THE ORGANIZATION OF HER MIND.

"But" says one "should society give to woman rights equal with her brother, she would not receive them. She would spurn them from her as an intrusion upon the sanctity of feminine modesty and grace." This all may be true, as to a large majority, but it proves nothing, only that she has been so long crushed beneath man's heel, that she believes "what is, is right." By the time she lives up to the appreciation of her calling and destiny, she will enter on them with joy and thanksgiving.

But what are her rights, in the light of reason and humanity?

Where is her SPHERE,—throwing aside the kitchen, nursery and drawing room clamor of the times? Where is the circumference of her actions, beyond which she is not to pass at the peril of her womanliness? What are the boundaries of her world?

These are important questions which must be answered soon. The world will continually answer them—not now, it is too blind and deaf.—Were the writer called upon to answer them, he would say, in all candor and sincerity, the UNIVERSE, broad and boundless, is her SPHERE.

Wherever the intellect has climbed or penetrated, is hers to climb and penetrate. Wherever Literature, Politics, Morals and Religion beckon man, they also beckon woman, not to bedim her grace and loveliness, but that she may soften and vivify them by her refinement. It is a cheering truth, that whatsoever she touches, does not so much mar her beauty, as she beautifies it.

To many it is a startling proposition, that woman should be the compeer of man, in the investigation of science, making laws, and meting out judicial decisions. But it is only startling because it is new. The proposition that all men are brothers, once startled a mighty theocracy; yet that proposition was none the less true. The proposition that "all men are created equal" once startled our political mother across the waters, yet it was a "self-evident Truth." Because it is startling then, does not prove it false.

"But," says another, "would you have our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, mingle with the rabble at the ballot box, in legislative bodies and temples of justice? Would you have them leave the peaceful fireside and grapple with the toiling millions in the field, shop, and in commerce? Ah! if they were admitted to the ballot box there would be no rabble; if they were admitted to our legislature there would not be the wrangling, vulgarity and blasphemy that now disgrace them. If they were elevated to the rank of judicial umpires, there would not be the cold, cruel formality, that now frequently outrages Humanity and Right. The grace and charms that now flow forth from woman, beautifying the social circle, would be taken into all the walks of life, dissipating the brutal sensuality that robes our land in gloom, and making the scientific, political and religious circles, like the fire-side, the home of affection wisdom and peace.

But it is asked, if we would have woman go into the fields, shops, and marts of commerce.—No woman wants to. All we ask for her is an equal privilege in the fields of Intellect. Give her that and it is time to debate the extent of her physical duties. She has more physical labor than she ought to perform, in the common routine of household toil. When she needs more than that, it is time to tremble, lest she drive man from the field, the machine and ship. I would like to ask those who so much fear the female mind would become gross, sensual and masculine, by its contact with all the mental struggles of the day, what is it that makes the fireside so peaceful and calm—so free from blasphemy and immorality? It is because man becomes so disgusted with strife, dissipation and profaneness abroad, that he seeks peace and refinement at home. Woman is there. She has made it what it is. Were it not the case, how could we keep the vulgar rowdyism that now characterizes our elections and legislative bodies from creeping into the social circle? We go to the evening festival, the dance, the concert, and the most sensual and vicious are polite and affable. Why? Woman is there.

The low jest and blasphemies are hushed in her presence. Thus it would be abroad. Her smiles and grace would exert a hallowed influence on all around. Our elections would be civil, peaceable and quiet, and law making and executive assemblies calm, orderly and humane.

God hasten the time when woman may send her influence thus throughout the world!

The Editor of the Wyoming County Mirror, after noticing, in terms of praise, several papers edited by ladies, remarks as follows:

The idea that there is a natural disability which renders it impossible for woman ever to rise to a level with man, in intellectual attainments, we wish to see exploded; and this is one reason why we rejoice when we see any of them taking their rank as equals. And, moreover, we hope the time will soon come when, if a woman gives evidence that she has brains, it will not be thought so strange a phenomenon that the men all over the land must cackle about it. But, as the selfish lords of Creation have arrogated to themselves almost the entire occupancy of the intellectual field, it seems necessary, at this present time, that if a woman attempts to make her way into the crowd, unprotected and alone, the other sex should stand back a little, and, if need be, push their neighbors back, at least till she can get a footing to stand and defend herself.

When women generally gain their proper intellectual position in society, this kind of gallantry will be useless, as they can then attend to their own rights. And this is what we mean by women's right; that they be considered and treated as intellectual equals, and that they be allowed a fair chance to prove that equality. Not that we would like to see the sphere of physical action radically changed; for we believe it is to the genial influences of that sphere that they owe much of that mildness, faithfulness and purity of character, which so admirably fit them to be the companions—the equals—of men. In fact, we believe there is much said about women's rights that has no meaning. We would be glad if women themselves, and all who advocate rights for them which they do not now possess, would point out the definite reforms which they think should be made.

If they think woman should vote, let them say so; or if they think they should take their [illegible] by the side of men in the field, in the workshop, in the store, in the office, in the pulpit, in the Legislative halls, or in the forum, let them say so. Then woman's rights, or her supposed rights, would assume a definite shape, and might be intelligently opposed or advocated. We neither assert nor deny her rights in any of these respects at the present; but we believe that God has not made her inferior in intellectual capacities to man; that those capacities, by means of conventional forms and unnatural social customs, have not had an equal chance for their development; and that therefore those forms and customs ought to be so far changed as to give her a fair opportunity with the other sex.

For this reason we are glad to see weekly newspapers springing up, edited and conducted by women. Here is a field that will test their capacity. It is no new thing that ladies' names have appeared on the outside of our monthlies—and it is no new thing that they have furnished occasional articles for periodical journals and annuals; but it is one thing to write a composition, at leisure, upon "Love," or "Romance," or "Jealousy," or "Female Influence," and quite another to write the leaders and all the miscellaneous articles necessary to make up a good weekly newspaper—perhaps a political paper. Yes, a political paper; for if women may not vote, they may tell others how to vote. If, then, women can properly edit and conduct such papers, who will say she is an inferior intellectual being?—This she can do and has done; and this we hope she will continue to do; not only for the purpose of maintaining her intellectual equality; but for the purpose of furnishing weekly reading for the young, which shall come from the fountain of her own pure feeling; that the beauties of her character may thereby be more thoroughly stamped upon the character of the rising generation.

THE THOUGHTFUL BARBER.—There are boys who think themselves men, and who go to barbers' shops to be, as they say, "bared." We have heard of a juvenile who went to be scraped and the barber having adjusted the cloth, and soaped his smooth skin, left him, and went lounging about his door. As soon as the young 'gent' saw him sauntering, he impatiently called out—"Well, what are you leaving me all this time here for?" "I'm waiting until your beard grows!" replied the witty barber.

NEW ENGLAND INFLUENCE.—Rev. Mr. Hamlin, missionary to Turkey, writes that the influence of New England on Western Asia is exerted mainly through her missionaries and her rum.—"The words '*Boston rum*,' have passed into the languages of this part of the Oriental world, and the only idea which multitudes have of the city of the Puritans, is that of a vast collection of rum manufactories, capable of supplying the most distant parts of the world." He mentions facts to show the deplorable progress that intemperance is making. The Mahometans being forbidden to drink *wine*, have taken to the use of rum.

THE LICENSE QUESTION.—At a late municipal election in Providence, Rhode Island, the question of granting licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors, was submitted to the people, and decided in the negative by a large majority.

It is estimated that the liquor manufactured and imported annually into this country is equal to 100,000,000 gallons, costing fully as many dollars! Their fruits are probably about 200,000 poor families furnishing about 20,000 criminals, 200,000 or 300,000 drunkards, and perhaps 25,000 premature deaths annually.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

JULY, 1850.

FREE SCHOOLS.

A Convention of the friends of Free Schools is to be held at Syracuse on the 10th of the present month. The time first appointed was the 12th of June, but it was postponed in order to give the friends of education a longer time to prepare for its meeting, and to extend a more general notice of its assemblage. We learn that many distinguished advocates of free schools have written letters to the committee, approving of the objects of the proposed convention, and promising to be present. We have no doubt but there will be a large number present, and that the proceedings will be highly interesting.

And so it should be. Education should be free as the air of heaven, and as the showers of summer, to all. As the sun shines equally upon all the children of the earth, so should the blessings of knowledge extend to every mind, lighting up the fires of genius, and causing an abundant harvest of virtue and worth to spring forth, to bless and ennoble human nature. And how can this result be secured except by a well established and well regulated system of free schools? So long as the poor man, equally with the rich, is compelled to pay for the education of his children, just so long will the children of the former grow up either in partial, or total want of the necessary knowledge to fit them to cope successfully in after life with the children of the latter.—We believe the rich man should pay for the education of both—or in other words, that the youth of our State should be esteemed the most valuable possession which, as a State, we can possess—worth ten thousand times more than all its canals and rail roads; and hence, being the property of the State, it should be its first duty—the chief and highest glory of its legislators, to watch over, provide for, and educate this mass of youthful mind, which is, but a few years hence, to rule the destinies of the nation. To do this work well and faithfully, the doors of our school houses should be thrown open to all, and kept open the year round.

As to the present free school law, it is not what it ought to be. It makes our schools *free* for only *four* months in the year, whereas they should be free for at least double that time. We know there are those who loudly complain of its requisitions, but for this we care nothing. These complaints are but the sordid whinings of avarice, or the gloomy wailings of bigotry. Our advice would be—had woman the privilege of being heard—to retain the present law as it is, until we can get a better one. Some will say, "repeal this first, and then get a better one." But no, friends, let the present law be repealed, and it would at once be proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the State, that the people had decided against free schools. Indeed, we feel sure that the repeal of the existing free school law would throw back the cause of education at least a dozen years, until a generation of children would have grown up—deprived thereby of the blessings which a wise system of free education is calculated to bestow.

Then we say, stand by the free school law as it is. That is the first point. Retain the good we have got, and make an effort to get a better law from the next legislature.

We earnestly hope that the proposed convention will be largely attended, and that it will be influential in extending the benefits and blessings of free schools to every child in the Empire State.

VAGRANT CHILDREN.

The subject of educating and providing for vagrant children is now agitating the minds of the people of the city of New York. The object is praiseworthy, and should commend itself to all in every city and village, who have at heart the good of their fellow beings. Thousands of these vagrants are growing up, leading lives of ignorance, wretchedness, and crime—an expense to community, and a taint upon its morals. We greatly wonder that the attention of people has not long ere this been arrested, and some remedy found to stay this flood of iniquity which is ever fearfully on the increase. Yet we doubt whether the plan now proposed, that of a reform school, or house of refuge, will prove of lasting benefit. It seems to us like an attempt to purify the waters of a stream, while the poisoned fountain from whence they flow, is left unthought of, and uncared for. Like attempting to put out a fire, and at the same time continually feeding the flames with that which cannot but increase its strength and render its ravages more fearful.

The true cause of all vagrancy may be found in the depravity of parents. Poor, dissolute, degraded, how are they fitted to train up children to anything good? Early inured to vice of every kind themselves, their children must be taught the same lessons. It strikes us that parents as well as children, should receive the attention of those who propose abating the evil, and then there may come a time when the source of so much iniquity shall be dried up, and a reform school no longer needed.

It is strange that men will overlook the *cause*, while they deplore the *effect* of so much degradation and vagrancy. It is a well authenticated, and undeniable fact, that nine tenths of all the pauperism and crime in the world, springs from the liquor traffic! and yet this traffic is suffered to pour its desolating floods over the earth. *Leglaized schools of vice*, by scores and hundreds are open in every village and city, where both parents and children are *legally* drugged with a foul poison which deadens the affections, destroys the reason, brutalizes the heart, and fits them for deeds of shame and blood. Instead of adopting some means of removing these plague spots from community, and sending the keepers of them to the penitentiary, a reform school is talked of, in the vain hope of eradicating the evil which is *legally* taught them here. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is a true saying, and no where is it more applicable than to the victims of intemperance. The traffic in intoxicating drinks might be stopped by a little wise legislation, and determination on the part of the people. Remove the poisonous beverage beyond the reach of vagrant parents—close up the dens of vice—the grog holes, which yawn to devour them, and a mighty change will soon be manifest. Then when the present generation of vagrants shall have been reformed through the philanthropic efforts of those who propose a reform school, there will not be an equally large, or larger number, still deeper dyed in wickedness, to take their places.

THE WESTERN FOUNTAIN, published at Cincinnati, contains a call from "A Mother" for a Convention of women, to take into consideration measures for the arrest of intemperance. We say *amen* to such a call, with all our heart, and we wish such conventions might be called in every State. It is upon women that the evils of intemperance fall most heavily. They see fathers, husbands, brothers and sons imbruted and destroyed, while they are powerless to avert the evil. In their own persons too, they are subjected to abuse of every kind, stripped of every comfort and doomed to drag out lives of misery and want. It is proper—nay it is a duty which women owe to themselves and their children, in view of the fearful consequences which result from the traffic in intoxicating drinks, that they should meet in deliberative assembly and adopt some plan of action whereby our country may be rid of this great curse. Women should reflect seriously upon this subject—and if they would save their sons from the drunkard's fate, and their daughters from the degradation and wretchedness of the drunkard's wife, instead of sitting longer at ease and saying "what can *we* do," they should arouse with a determination to crush the destroyer at all hazards.

It is useless to depend on men alone for deliverance from the evils of drunkenness. They can talk largely of the benefits of temperance, and declaim loudly against those who make it their business to fill our prisons and poor houses with criminals and paupers, and turn women and helpless children out to beg or starve—provided there is no danger of being heard by those whom they denounce. But when the time comes for action—when they are called upon to manifest their love of temperance, and their hatred of drunkenness, by giving a death blow to the traffic, you cannot find them. We are disgusted with the course pursued by such men, and have very little hope of anything ever being accomplished by their means. Women should take this question into their own hands—hold meetings, call conventions, pass resolutions, and go in a body before our legislators and demand redress for their grievances. They have a right to be heard on this, as well as every other subject; and through the ballot box too, if in no other way they can make their influence felt. We are glad "A Mother" has spoken, and we hope that ten thousand more will echo back the call.

☞ BARNUM, of the New York Museum, is not only a thorough teetotaler himself, but a zealous advocate of the temperance cause. At a meeting recently held in the Broadway Tabernacle, he stated the remarkable fact, that of 279 persons in his employ, 277 were thorough teetotalers.

BREAD WITHOUT YEAST.—By the use of Babbitt's effervescing compound, good, light bread may be made in five minutes, without yeast. We have tried it and know. This compound is for sale at T. N. Chapman's.

EXCHANGES.

Yazoo City Whig.—We have the pleasure of welcoming another female cotemporary to our circle, in the person of Mrs. Prewett, of the Yazoo (Miss.) Whig. We have heard honorable mention made of the lady, and were therefore the more pleased to make her acquaintance. So far as we know she is the only woman who has charge of a strictly *political* paper. Her editorials are written with ability, and we should judge that in her, *our party* has an able advocate of Whig principles. We regret however, to see that she is not "*sound*" on the great question of the day —that of Slavery. This we gather not so much from what she says, as from some advertisements which appear in her paper, such as "a woman and child for sale, or hire," "a fine lot of Virginia negroes for sale," &c. Virginia negroes! native born *Americans!* for *sale*. Fie on you Mrs. P. thus to lend your columns to aid the inhuman traffic in the bodies and souls of your brothers and sisters! We Whigs at the North subscribe to no such doctrine as that, and utterly deny to any man the right to hold property in his brother man. We are so glad you are going to pay Mrs. Nichols a visit, for we know it must do you good to listen to her earnest pleadings in behalf of "human rights."

But pray tell us, where were your eyes, that you could not tell where the Lily hailed from, without calling upon some student of Peter Parley for information? Any child could tell you without reference to his geography, by looking on our last page, where our address appears in plain type. As to the "smoking and drinking," the men do the most of it here as well as with you, and indeed they are the ones we wish to *reform*. If we can get them right, it is all we ask. We have no fears for the women, for as men alone have the power of saying what shall and what shall not be, the women will be compelled to submit to their legislation. But when women get the power of speaking through the ballot-box, they will soon set matters right on this question, and ask no favors of men.

The Message Bird.—A copy of this new candidate for public favor has been laid on our table. It is a "literary and musical journal," and strongly commends itself to the patronage of the musical portion of community. The number before us contains two pieces of music, and much useful information on that subject. We are not a musical character ourself, so we cannot fully appreciate that department of the paper, yet we are glad to learn that this Bird of Song, meets with favor from those who are capable of judging of its merits. It is well got up in a suitable form for binding, and published semi-monthly at $1,25 per annum. M. T. Brockelbank & Co. publishers, No. 2. Astor House, New York.

The Age of Reason.—A copy of this infidel sheet comes to us marked "*please exchange.*"—As it is the first time we have seen the paper, we carefully examined the number sent us. Several pages are taken up eulogizing Thomas Payne, and the remainder is a tirade of ridicule and abuse against the bible and the church, and all who have faith in their divine teachings. The clergy, especially, come in for a full share of opprobrium and abuse, and are held up as monsters of iniquity. If anything were wanting to confirm our belief in the holy scriptures, and establish our faith in the doctrines taught by Christ and his apostles, the reasoning of the "Age" would certainly have that effect. That professing christians, both clergy and laity, come far short of living up to their professions, and the example set them by the great Head of the Church, and are from this cause stumbling blocks in the way of unbelievers, is a painful truth, and one greatly to be deplored. Yet all this cannot affect the truths of the gospel, or move the church from the sure foundation whereon it is laid—the Rock, Christ Jesus.

We think, Mr. Age, that our time can be better occupied than in reading your infidel teachings, so you will please send us no more of your *Reasoning*.

☞ Thurlow Weed says, that in this country, where men make the happiness of their wives the business of their lives, he had supposed that women enjoyed all the rights they could desire, or need. That there are many men who do make the happiness of their wives their study, so far as the providing for present enjoyments, we are well aware, and we are willing to believe Mr. Weed one of the number. But it is evident his thoughts strayed not beyond his own home while penning that article. He must know that there are thousands of women who have no husbands to provide for their happiness, and who are compelled to toil within the circumscribed sphere assigned them by man, or resort to lives of prostitution for a subsistence. He must know that thousands who have husbands are wretched and degraded, and whose husbands rule over them with the despotic sway of the tyrant. He must know that there are thousands of innocent, virtuous women, doomed to drag out their lives, tied to a beastly, loathesome drunkard, and who can obtain no protection or redress for their wrongs at the hands of the law. He must know that this same law, which he thinks good enough for woman, compels her to yield up her hard earnings to this same brutish husband, even though it be all the subsistence she possess, for herself and little ones.

Were we to look only at *our own* present social condition, we should say that men are just and kind, and women in the enjoyment of every right they could wish. But when we take a wider view of woman's position, and study the laws respecting her, our heart tells a different story.—The statute books of our country show woman's legal position to be degrading in the extreme.—A married woman has no legal existence separate from her husband. He has unbounded control over her, and may exercise his power if he choose by inflicting personal chastisement with a rod.—Her property becomes his, and he may squander it in dissipation and idleness, and reduce her to poverty. Or in case of his death, even within a week after marriage, she cannot control her own property; but the law and its harpies interfere, and give it to a stranger, who can have no possible right to a farthing of it. She is obliged to submit to laws which she has no voice in making, and against which her every feeling revolts. Even the poor widow, after being stripped by the law of more than half she may possess, if she owns shelter for her head—no matter how poor a one—must be taxed equally with the rich man to support the laws which so oppress and degrade her. We should like to know how long men would think such laws wise and just, were matters reversed, and they compelled to submit to them.

MRS. SWISSHELM.

We had the pleasure of spending an evening with this very entertaining lady last week, and were most agreeably disappointed as to her manner and personal appearance.

From the strength, independence and manliness of her writings, we had supposed her altogether an unfeminine person. She is, however, bland, gentle, and naturally courteous in her manner; reserved, modest and forbearing in conversation; is a handsome, though rather small figure; has a delicate face, yet broad and massive forehead; blue eyes, and altogether a meek and quiet countenance; all conspiring with her writings in the scale, to give us a decidedly favorable impression.—*Ohio Teacher.*

We are glad Mrs. Swisshelm has been round some this spring, giving people an opportunity of seeing what she looks like. It is a prevailing opinion, with many, and especially the gentlemen, that a woman who dares entertain an opinion of her own, and has the independence to speak it out, must be an *Amazon*. Hence Mrs. Swisshelm has been branded as a coarse, masculine, vulgar woman; and especially since her fearless exposure of the private character of Webster, every abusive epithet which the malice of man can invent, has been heaped upon her, by his political admirers. It is gratifying to her friends to know that she still survives it all, and is able to wield her pen as fearlessly as ever, in defence of right, and for the putting down of vice and immorality, even in high places.

For the Lily.

HENRY NEIL AND HIS MOTHER.

Conversation No. 6.

Henry.—"Well Mother, last vacation we used to have long talks about temperance; now I have a great many questions to ask you about 'free schools,' and, to begin, do you think the State ought to educate all the children within its boundaries?"

Mother.—"Certainly I do."

Henry.—"What! build the school houses, pay the teachers, supply the fire wood, &c. &c. Why it would be a great expense to the State!"

Mother.—"No, Henry it would be far cheaper for the State to educate its people, and thus make them intelligent and industrious, than to suffer them to grow up in ignorance and idleness. But before I answer you fully, let me ask you one or two questions. Suppose we take a little boy, separate him from his vicious companions and his accustomed haunts of idleness, for six or seven hours a day——place him in a well ventilated, well regulated school room, teach him to read, write and cypher, to speak politely and make a bow, will he not necessarily grow up a more respectable man, than if left, all his boyhood, the mere victim of idleness and vice?"

Henry.—"Yes, and what is true of one boy is true of all. I have no doubt that education makes men better citizens."

Mother.—"Well, one more question. Do not the crimes of a state decrease as education becomes more general?"

Henry.—"Certainly. If education makes people better, crime must decrease."

Mother.—"Looking at this, then as a mere

...of dollars and cents,—which do you ...pose costs the most, to keep a boy in school ...ten years, or to pay the expense of bringing ...some dozen times before a police court ...two or three years residence in a county jail, ...the support of his wife and children in the ...house, for his confinement in the state ...prison some dozen years, and finally for the build-...ing of a gallows and all the expenses incurred by ...that civilized manner of finishing off a criminal. ...Rely upon it, it costs ten times as much to take ...care of a criminal, as it does to educate a child."

Henry.—"Does the State pay for all this?"

Mother.—"Yes, the State supports prisons, jails, houses of refuge, poor houses and poor people in their own houses—it supports standing armies, courts martial, and militia trainings. It supports rumsellers, gambling houses and brothels, and strange to say, people quietly submit to be taxed for all these evils, and yet grumble most dolorously about the school tax; at the same time no reasonable man pretends to say, that a good school system, so free that all who will may learn, is not productive of more good than any or all of these other 'institutions' put together."

Henry.—"Then I suppose you regard a district school house, with its usually severe style of architecture, a much more desirable building than a county jail."

Mother.—"Of course, I do. It would cost far less, and those joyous boys dancing out of its open door to the tune of twice two makes four, and twice three makes six, will exert a far more healthy influence on the world, than the graduates of yonder stone pile, with its iron bars and bolts. It is far better for the good of all to educate a conscience in a man, than to surround him with outer restraints after you have made a devil of him through selfishness and neglect."

Henry.—"But do you think, mother, that parents generally care enough about education to send their children, even if schools were free?"

Mother.—"Oh! yes, there are no parents, however ignorant themselves, but desire education for their children. It is estimated by the Superintendent of Common Schools, from official returns procured for this express purpose, that the number of children annually excluded from the public schools, in consequence of the inability of their parents and guardians to meet the rate bills, imposed under the former law, was 50,000 in this state. Only think of it, 50,000 children willing to learn, thrust out of our district schools by state authority."

Henry.—"But do you think that those who have no children ought to be taxed for schools?"

Mother.—"Why not pay for educating a neighbor's child as well as for shutting up a neighbor's murderer?"

Henry.—"What you say seems right to me now, you have such a simple way of settling all points of right and wrong, that when I talk with you there never seems to be but one side to a question; but when I go down town and listen to the men arguing, and hear them tell about the law, the constitution, the opinions of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and see them all so uncertain as to what is right—when I learn my lesson in Paley's philosophy and my teacher explains to us how the same act can be both right and wrong, I do get so befogged that I begin to think there is no such thing as absolute truth."

Mother.—"Well, Henry, note down the objections you hear against the free school system, and I will measure them all by the 'golden rule' and tell you what they are worth. S.

LED ASTRAY.—A good story was recently told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire.—A stranger came up to a Washingtonian with the inquiry: "Can you tell me where I can get anything to drink?" "Oh, yes," said the other, "follow me." The man accordingly followed him through two or three streets till he began to be discouraged. "How much farther shall I go?" said he. "Only a few steps farther," said the Washingtonian, "*there is the pump!*" The man turned about and "moved his boots."

For the Lily.

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

The question is asked on all sides—would you have woman vote? What! refined, delicate woman, at the polls!! mingling in such scenes of violence and vulgarity? Certainly, where there is so much to be feared for the pure, the innocent, and the noble, the mother surely should be there, to watch and guard her sons, who must encounter such stormy, dangerous scenes, at the tender age of twenty-one. Much is said of woman's influence; might not her presence do much towards softening down this violence, refining this vulgarity? Depend upon it, that "places that, by their impure atmosphere, are rendered unfit for woman, cannot but be dangerous to her sires and sons." But, if woman claims all the rights of a citizen, will she buckle on her armor, and fight in defence of her country? Has not woman, already, often shown herself as courageous in the field, as wise and patriotic in council, as man? But, for myself, I think all war sinful. I believe in Christ, I believe the command "Resist not evil," to be divine. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. I would not have man go to war. I can see no glory in fighting with such weapons as guns and swords, whilst man has in his possession the infinitely superior ones of righteousness and truth. But what would you gain by voting? Men must know the advantages of voting, for they all seem very tenacious about the right.

Think you, if woman had a voice in this government, that all those laws affecting her interests, would so entirely violate every principle of right and justice? Had we a vote to give, might not the office holders and seekers, propose some change in woman's condition? Might not woman's rights come to be as great a question as "free soil"? But are you not already sufficiently represented, by your fathers, husbands, brothers and sons? *Let your Statute books answer the question!* We have had enough of such representation. In nothing, is woman's true happiness consulted. Men like to call her an angel, to feed her with, what they think, sweet food, nourishing her vanity, to induce her to believe her organization is so much finer, more delicate, than theirs, that she is not fitted to struggle with the tempests of public life, but needs their care and protection. Care! and protection!! Such as the wolf gives the lamb, such as the eagle gives the hare he carries to his eyrie. Most cunningly he entraps her, and then takes from her all those rights which are dearer to him than life itself,—rights, which have been baptized in blood, and the maintenance of which, is even now rocking to their foundations, the kingdoms of the old world.

The most discouraging, the most lamentable aspect our cause wears, is the indifference, indeed, the contempt, with which women themselves, regard our movement. But we shall hope better things of them, when they are enlightened, in regard to their present position, and to the laws under which they live. They will not then publish their degradation, by declaring themselves satisfied, nor their ignorance, by asserting they have all the rights they want. They are not the only class of beings who glory in their bondage. In the Turkish Harem, where woman is little above the brute of the field, where immortal mind is crushed, and the soul itself, is as it were blotted out—where beings endowed with a spirit, capable of enjoying the beauties which God has scattered over the broad earth—a spirit, whose cultivation would fit them for a never ending existence—in those seraglios, where intellect and soul are buried beneath the sensualism and brutality, which are the inevitable result of the belief in woman's inferiority,—even here, she is not only satisfied with her position, but glories in it. Miss Martineau, in her "Travels in the East," says referring to the inmates of the Harems, "Everywhere, they pitied us European women, heartily, that we had to go about traveling and appearing in the streets, without being properly taken care of," that is—watched. They think us strangely neglected, in being left so free, and boast of their spy system, and imprisonment, as tokens of the value in which they are held. Stanton S.

For the Lily.

CHILDREN.

Many now are the advocates of Right. A death blow is being dealt to tyranny. The laboring poor, the crushed victims of slavery, the erring and misled, all have champions, and their wrongs are told by many tongues. Woman has pleaders for her rights. The victim of rum, has the voice of many brave souls, to reform, strengthen, and encourage him. And, while all who will, plead for the oppressed, be mine the task to set forth some few of the *wrongs* of children—to speak of parental tyranny.

Oh, how often have I seen cruelty exercised over a loving and lovely child, which might have been led into the right by the power of kindness. The loving heart of childhood ever asks for love, kindness, and sympathy, upon which to rely in perfect confidence. But these it seldom finds. Often those who would, fail of giving love, or inspiring confidence; they have so little studied the pure and delicate nature of children, that often their very love inflicts a wound. How many times the manly heart of a child has become embittered, from its loving nature not being understood by its parents—from being allowed no freedom, and approaching no nearer than their sternness would permit. Many a child has grown to man or womanhood, with a beautiful ideal of a parent, cherished in secret, though day by day desecrated by discord, which ever saddens a young heart. If of a strong will, and independent mind, he is driven into stern reserve, and the fountain from which should daily flow gushing streams of joy, is closed to all, save the child in whose nature there is an appreciation of love. If weak to resist, and of gentle nature, hopeless paralysis of powers, and enervating disappointment results, that leaves a burthen upon the soul, which the sunniest future cannot remove.

Here is the root of many evils. If parents would study childhood's nature, and obtain the key to the affections of their children—if they would return those affections, and unbend from their haughty reserve, to caresses, crimes would almost infinitely diminish, and we should not see, as now, those who would be engaged in the elements of intellectual and domestic education, taking upon themselves the arduous task of directing a household and watching the unfoldings of an immortal mind, and the growth of an infant body, with no knowledge of the proper development and direction of the one, nor the laws of health and growth which control the other.—When I have seen how daughters were obliged to shut up their affections within their own breasts, I have not wondered that so many, while children even, allowed the whole outpourings of their love to rest upon one—a stranger, mayhap—if not one utterly unworthy of their pure affections, nor that so many hastily formed matches—perhaps elopements, have resulted unhappily. They are the results of the first outpouring of affection, from which reason, and owing to their inexperience, they have not been led to look for fraud, nor form attachments cautiously.

At home, in the family circle, among parents, brothers and sisters, is the place to cultivate, nurture, and cherish the affections. Were homes what they should be, children would not be induced, forced, as it were, to look abroad so early for sympathisers and companions. Ye fathers and mothers, if you regard the happiness of your children, throw around them the strong cords of love, make them happy, by allowing them to love you more. And be not anxious to part with them—to see them "settled," at least until a maturity of mind and body warrants the belief that their enjoyment will be promoted thereby.

L. A, JENKINS.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Written for the Lily.

A FRAGMENT.

A boy stood near a clear stream, that went laughing along, scattering as it did so its pure waters over the smooth pebbles, and timid wild flowers. He had thrown off his hat, and was stooping to untie the shoes that confined his feet, when a noise as of some one approaching, caused him too look up. A poor old man, slowly moved towards him—his limbs trembled, and he was obliged to lean heavily on his staff for support.—As he came nearer, the boy could but see that his clothes were torn and soiled, and that his thin visage told of hunger. "Ah!" thought the boy, "were *I* but a man, how much good I might do, in being useful to the poor and unfortunate.—Oh! I wish I was a man *now*," said he, as with a sorrowing look he stood for some moments gazing after the poor old man, as he tottered on.—He then ran to the stream, and began bathing his dimpled feet in its bright waters, when his attention was again arrested, by a bird, which, as it flew past him, dropped from its beak a small bit of white paper. The boy eagerly caught it, and read these words, which were printed upon it. "God is good,—He made all things for use; let us, in like manner, use every thing for the benefit of our fellow-men."

Years passed away, and that boy at length became a man. Did he then forget his early resolves? Ah, he learned another and different lesson, from the world. He heard men talk of honors, of the splendor of wealth, of the contemptuousness of poverty, of the allurements of fashion and pleasure. He saw, too, that arrogance and vanity, often sat in the highest seats; that appetite, passion, and selfishness, prevailed, where he looked for temperance, virtue, and benevolence. He saw, also, the *fair*, sporting with their precious moments, and flinging them to folly, till from their characters, was reflected more of the untaught *child*, than of the refined and useful *woman*. All this he saw, and grew familiar with. In fine, he learned what the world was, and suited himself to it; and in doing so forgot that he should rise above it, and make its emptiness subservient to some higher good—to a purer and better life. But in the far-off past does not the image of that clear stream, come dancing back upon the memory, mingled with the music of the birds, and the sweet fragrance of the wild flowers? Nature is as kind now, as then, and within her calm retreats there will ever be heard, by the listening ear, the sweetest of minstrelsy. Happier, far happier, would it be for man, would he pay less heed to the world, and more to the teachings of Nature, and of God. M.

Seneca Falls, June, 1850.

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

Never tell a lie, or half or quarter of a lie, or any part of a lie. Many boys who know, well enough, what a sneaking, dirty thing it is to lie, will yet twist the truth, or deceive a little bit.—This is about as bad—and a good deal more cowardly—than a plump falsehood. If a boy does something wrong, either through ignorance, carelessness, or accident—and then tells one-half truth and one-half lie about it—he might almost as well have told the full untruth, that he didn't do it at all. Now see how the spirited, manly, true-hearted, clear-tongued boy will do, after an error; he resolutely determines to acknowledge it, without being afraid of anybody's anger—to tell it just as it was. I never, in my life, knew any one to be injured by telling the truth in this way; but I have seen many a boy, and man too, who was looked upon with contempt, and thought poorly of, because he would tell sneaking lies, or half lies, or quarter lies. The worst sort of untruths—those which are deliberately made up—stories told about people—or little stories magnified into big ones—prove the teller of them to be a worthless, impure and mean person.

The liar is indeed despicable both to God and man. On the other hand, nothing is more beautiful than a strictly truth-telling young person, one who never waives from the truth—who is open, candid, and above deceit. To become so, a boy should strive hard! should determine to become so, and he will become so. Besides, it is so easy, always to speak the truth, and so very hard to arrange a plausible falsehood, which even then will in all likelihood be found out, nineteen times out of twenty.

To take the least thing, the least trifle, (if it be only a cent, or even less,) which does not belong to you, is a crime not only to be punished by law, but puts a black drop in the heart, and sooner or later brings the doer to shame. This is an act so wicked and disgraceful, however, that I do not think it likely to be committed by those who read these lines; and I will say nothing further, than that if any boy in whom I felt an interest ever descended to the wretched meanness of pilfering, or taking the smallest article that was not his, it would go to my soul in many a long, deep stab—one of the sharpest and deepest in the world.—*Brooklyn Independent.*

THE BRAVE BOY.

Two boys of my acquaintance, were one day on their way from school, and as they were passing an orchard, in which were some plum trees full of ripe fruit, Henry said to Thomas:

"Let us jump over and get some plums. Nobody will see us, and we can scud along through the grass, and come out on the other side."

Thomas said, "I cannot. It is wrong to do so. I would rather not have the plums, than to steal them, and I guess I will go along home."

"You are a coward," said Henry, "I always knew you were a coward, and if you don't want any plums you may go without them, but I shall have some very quick."

Just as Henry was climbing the fence, the owner of the field rose up from the other side of the wall, and Henry jumped back and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

But Thomas had no reason to be afraid. So he stood still, and the owner of the field, who had heard the conversation between the boys, told him he was very glad to see that he was not willing to be a thief; and asked him to step over and help himself to as many plums as he wished!—Thomas was not slow to accept the invitation, and quickly filled both his pockets with the ripe fruit.

Which of these boys was BRAVE, the one who called the other a coward, but ran away himself, or the one who said it was wicked to steal, and stood his ground?

NOTHING GOOD EVER COMES OF MONEY GOT BY SELLING RUM.

So said my Aunt Sarah, as she wiped her spectacles, after reading an account of a once wealthy rumseller down East, whose sons became dissipated and drunken, and who, at the advanced age of sixty-seven, cut his own throat and launched into eternity, "Nothing good ever comes of money got by selling rum." It fell up on my ear like the saying of some far-seeing prophetess of old, who held communication with loftier spirits than abide on earth. I made no reply, for I was an unbeliever in the observation, and yet was afraid to get into an argument with her. I could not see why money, got by selling rum, might not buy as many comforts as any other money which should go into the merchant's till. But the saying has never gone from my memory. I have pondered it and pondered it, now for nearly forty years, and have examined it in the light of more than a hundred marked cases; and though I have found a few where my Aunt Sarah's remarks seemed not to prove true, yet, as I more patiently traced out the matter and cast my eye down among the rumseller's children and saw how sadly they turned out, I was convinced that there was, indeed, a righteous providence which would not let the ways of iniquity prosper. One remarkable case is now before me, which seemed to go against all my other cases. A young Christian merchant, with a pious family, rolled up considerable wealth in importing and selling wines, brandies and other liquors. He was benevolent and just, and gave much of his money for charitable and religious objects. Here, said I, Aunt Sarah is posed; her doctrine fails. But there is a wheel within a wheel. I was in his house not long since, and we were talking about the temperance cause and the evils of intemperance; and, of his own accord, he told me of several individuals who had traded with him, and who had gone to ruin, and he remarked, himself—"No good ever comes of money got by selling rum. I have seen it in others, and I have had more trouble and grief from it than from every thing else. The money I have taken from many a man has done me no good. I have tried to satisfy my conscience by giving it to religious and charitable objects, but it all would not answer. My gold has literally cankered with the tears of widows and orphans."—He wiped a tear from his eye, and only seemed to derive some comfort from the thought that it was his business, and if he had not followed it, others would. O, I verily believe that while there is a providence in the earth, the remark of Aunt Sarah will hold true, that "nothing good ever comes of money got by selling rum."

JEPTHAH.

If any one wonders why we are a nation of sallow-visaged dyspeptics, let him go into our boats, cars, dwelling-houses, and churches, and analyze the air we breathe—let him read the quack advertisements of female and baby medicines, and if he has any brains, he will begin to calculate how long it would take us to become extinct, if immigration were stopped.—*Mrs. Swisshelm.*

In the Boston Municipal Court, the other day, 86 cases of violation of the license law, were settled by the payment of the fines and costs to the Government, amounting in all to the snug sum of $5000.

Seven of the eleven towns in Wyoming county, N. Y., have refused to grant licenses.

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ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 1, 1850.